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WOMAN'S HAND GROWING

IT IS SPREAD BY THE EXERTIONS OF THE ATHLETIC ERA.

Its Shape and Size Said to Be Yielding Rapidly to the Demands of Wheeling, Golf, Tennis, Handball, and the Other Sports of the Modern American Girl Nos. 5 and 6 in women's gloves are going the

way of No. 1 and No. 2 shoes and of No. 18 and No. 19 corsets. They are sinking into desnetude, because women's hands are growing larger at the same time with their feet and waists. They are spreading out and be coming more muscular every day, so the glove men say. A chunky, middle-aged woman wearing s

very broad and heavy wedding ring learned some astonishing things from a manufacturer and importer of gloves the other day.

"Have you finished altering those gloves left here?" she asked as she seated herself on a stool in front of the counter.

"Yes, madam," was the polite response, "Let me see how they do now," she com-

manded rather impatiently. "I hope they are all right now," said the suave manager, "but it was an ugly job, I can tell you. How a regular glove maker, a man who pretends to make a study of woman's hand, ever cut such a shaped glove for your hand is a mystery to me. No wonder you were dissatisfied, for these gloves," producing a pair of black glace gloves, "made your bands look much shorter and fatter than they really We've altered them, and I'll just try them on to see if they are satisfactory in

"If they aren't, I'll just throw them in the ash can, and five other pairs that I had made at the same time with them," answered the customer petulantly, "for this much is certain, I'm not going to wear a glove that makes my hand look three times bigger and shorter than it really is, for goodness only knows it's grown so much in the last three years, any way, that I am ashamed of it. Doesn't it strike you as being phenomenal that my hand should take a sudden start and grow at my time of life when I haven't increased a pound in weight in five years, either?"

"No," answered the glove man; "It isn't phenomenal that your hand should grow at your time of life. It's an every day occurence. Women's hands are growing larger as well as those of children and young girls. You ride a wheel, don't you?"

'Yes," admitted the customer as she looked up in surprise, "but what has that to do with the size of my hands, and how did you know

the size of my hands, and how dil you gnow it, any way?"

"Oh, it doesn't take a sherlock Holmes to tell that you are an enthusiastic wheelwoman. Your hands show it, and that also accounts for their increased size. From time immenorial it has been the desire of every woman to have a pretty hand—a long slender hand with tapering fingers. But the craze for athletics is going to make it very hard for those who are born with such hands to retain the share of them, and it will be even harder for women who have plump hands with short fingers to cultivate long slender hands. Women use their hands more to-day than ever before since America was discovered, and when I say that I include women of all classes. First of all, take seciety women. While they do not do any actual work, still they use their hands. They row, clay tennis and goil, ride whoels and horses, drive, swim, and work in gymnasiums. These things are bound to develop the hand. Then think of the hundreds of women who are employed in offices, stores, restaurants, and tectories. They are constantly using their hands, and even if it isn't very heavy work, it makes the hands grow. Of course, menial labor develops and coarsens the hands, and we expect to find domestic servants with large hands, although some of the negroes in the south, whose amestors have worked in the fields for several generations, have the most beautifully shaped hands to be found in the world. They are not aiways small, out are symmetrical in every way. The only thing is that negroes do not have pretty nalls, insuruch as the half moon is never to be found on one of them."

"Three years ago I were a 5% glove," Interputed the matron, "and now I wear a seven, so my glove man says. Think of it! But I apan't go back to him any more. I wouldn't think that riding a wheet three or four hours every day would make my hands gove because steering the wheel in right gloves would be decidedly uncomfortable. Your hand is in a spreading attitude, its muscles are all brought into action, and they harden in t Oh, it doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to

hand is in a spreading attitude, its muscles are all brought into action, and they harden in that shape."

"Oh, these gloves make my hands look beautiful," she exclaimed enthusiastically as he buttoned the last button. How did you ever do it? Why, they look as they did before they grew to such enormous thickness and breadth. You must after the other five pairs. "You see it was this way," explained the manager. "The gloves were cut to make your hand look fatter and shorter than it is, instead of being cut to make it appear long and manager. "The gloves were cut to make your hand look fatter and shorter than it is, in stead of being cut to make it appear long and slender. 'Ne gave y, u longer fingers and cut the seam running round the base of the glove down considerably. This drew the paim down so that the first button fastens well down on your wrist instead of up on the hand. That makes your hand look longer. Then we ran the stitching on the back well down on the wrist. That also makes the hand look longer. That stitching is a tride too broad for a hand shaped as yours is, anyhow. A woman with short, broad hands, or ever with long broad hands, never should wear gloves with broad stitching on the back, for it makes the hand look almost twice as broad. She should have her gloves made with fingers list as long as she possibly can wear them, and they should fit well down between her fingers. Then, if she has three rows of very narrow stitching running well down on her wrist the thumb seam running down on her wrist, without her irying to make it meet over the base of the hand, she will be gratified by seeing her hand look really quite long, slender, and shapely. "I have in mind a customer of ours living up in Fifth avenue. She wouldn't be induced to wear a glove that isn't made to order, and in that she is wise, for it pays every woman to have her gloves made to order in the long run, and costs very little more. But such a shape as she insists on having those gloves cut; the hand, she has the fingers of the gloves cut so short that they can't possibly get down her wear anything but the broadest of the bond, and her hand looks deformed. I'm sahamed to have her and so short in the pulm that she always has to wear a solitaire. Narrow stitching? I guess not. I've never known her to wear gloves that the properly cut and fitted, but she con change the hand, is the land that denotes adulty to do things. If a woman rides a when severy had on the longest, narrowest glove that the possibly can. For any part, I'm glad to see with the made of the shape by

for now I amuse myself while I work by reading the character development of my customers in the steadily increasing size of their hands."

"I don't care how much you study my hands," answered the customer with a content of the cont

BITS OF NEWS ABOUT ART IN FRANCE

Increased Demand for Ribot's Picture

Paris, June 20.—Some important sales have just been held at the Hotel Drouot. The death of Arsene Houssaye, long editor of L'Artiste, a journal which has now fallen very low, but which under the empire was the official organ of arteriticism in France, left in the posses sion of his beirs an important collection of ancent and modern paintings. Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, the great singer, who delighted her hearers for a quarter of a century at the Opera Comique before ending her busy career as a teacher of singing, also left some masterly pictures, bronges, and bric-A-brac, that have al een scattered at auction. Add to this the sale of Doucet's studio, and above all that of Ri-bot's studio by his widow. These sales have placed before our eyes a great many master of the Italian renaissance, a few Flemish painters, some Frenchmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and most of the painters of the modern French school; while the figures called out under the hammer of the auctioneer are a rough indication of the favor

which each enjoys with the modern public. Here are a few of the figures: Arsène Housaaye's gallery; ancient pictures (prices in france): Tiepolo, "The Letter," 310; Lucas Cranach, "Portrait of Christina Reys," 2,000; "Portrait of Weyker Reys," 1,710; Miervelt, "Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Albert VI., Duke of Austria, Gov. ernor of the Netherlands," 610; "The Education of Love," 520; "Danne," 610; S. Bourdon, "Portrait of Descartes," 330; Clouet, "Charles III. Duke of Lorraine," 680; Lanciet, "Louis XV.," Hunt Breakfast in the Forest of Meudon," 5,310; Larsillère, "Portrait of the Duke of Lorraine," 500, portrait of himself, 800; F. Lemoine, "Juno," 2,205; P. Mignard, "Portrait of Molière," 4,000; "Mile, de la Vallère," 350; Mosnier, "Portrait of Marie of Marie, "360; Nastier," "Mile, de Sayne Attired as a Spring," 1,280, "Portrait of Mile de Parabbre," 1,010, "Mme, de Châteauroux," 450; Nonotte, "Mme, Diderot, 1,259; Peud'hon, "The Triumph of Napoleon I.," 3,100; Taraval, "Triumph of Amphitrite," 1,500; Modern plotures; Chaplin, "Cupils," 3,440; Corot, landscape, with figures, 1,500; Gérôme, "Mile, Rachel," 415; Claude Monet, "Woman with a Green Dress," 1,300; Ziem, "The Venetian Laccoux," 1,200.

The Miolan-Carvalho sale: Pictures—Jules ernor of the Netherlands," 610; "The Edu-

Miolan-Carvalho sale: Pictures Jules e. Willow copse at L'He Adam." Francols Flameng. "The Smoker." Theodore Rousseau, "An Upward The Miolan-Carvalho sale: Pictures-Julea Duprise. "Willow copse at L'ile Adam." 1.500: Francols Fiameng. "The Smoker." 1.530: Theodore Rousseau, "An Upward Path." 510: Troyon. "Return from the Market," 900: Rosa Bonheur, a black-lead drawing of a sheep lying down. 300: Ingres. "Cardinal Bibblena Betrothing His Daughter to Raphael." a water color. 630. Bronzes—A statuette of Harleouin by St. Marceaux, 400: Paul Dubols, "The Florentine Singer, 270: Infant St. John, 205. Doucet's studie, by himself: "Ave Maria." 1.500: "Dead Christ.," 920: "Titania." 900: "Pulpit in St. Mark's, Venice." 500: "Lelin, the Young Roman Girl." 1.175: "Maria Michaela Massimo." 800: "Girl Fishing for Shrimo." a study for the painting, 380. Paintings and sketches by various other artists, many of them gifts by the painters themselves—Monticelli, vases of flowers, 205: Rochegrosse, "Assassination of Sennacherth." a study, 205: Benjamin Constant. "Study," 230: Honner, flowers, 115: Leon Bonnat, portrait of the author, 5,450; W. Bouguereau, a young girl's head, 5,200: Jules Breton, "The Idle Girl." 3,000: Dagnan Bouveret, "Study," 600: Edeouard Detaille, "A Trumpeter of the Light Horse Lancers," 1,810: (Greme, "Diana," 235: Albert Malznan, "The Betrothal of the Pearl." 320: The Princesse Mathilde, a fan In water colors, 150: Luc Olivier Merson, "Danhanis and Chloe," 430: Georges Rochescusse, "The Quali Fight," a fragment of the picture exhibited at the 1890 salon, 825: Carolus Duran, "Woman Reading," an outline sketch, 200: Henner, a study beac, 1,300.

The Theodere Ribot sale brought in 144,829 francs, M. Bernhelm, the well-known expert who directed the sale, whom I interviewed about his orinion of the results obtained, seems delighted at the way in which the public runs after Ribot's work new. "He is going," he says, "through the same process as Millet, the marvellous nainter of peasants and of the country, Like him, Ribot, in spite, or perhans in contequence, of his great talent, was timid, kent to himself; puffine frightened him. Such pe

their death. So that we were able to see with our own eves cananases which, while the painter lived were sold at 50 francs, soil today for from 450 to 600; those which sold for 400 easily bring in 7,000 or 8,000. And this movement will grow stronger.

Here are some of the prices obtained (in francs): Oil paintings—'The Enamelier,' 8,200; 'The Apole Woman,' 5,500; 'The Milk Girl.'' 7,400; 'The Game Bag.!' 2,000; 'The Just Woman,' 5,500; 'The Cup of Cotfee,' 4,800; 'The Man with the Great Coat,' 2,000; 'Mme, Ribot,' 3,500; 'Mother Morieun,' 2,500; 'Portrait of My Sister,' 3,300; 'At the Music Stand,' 1,000 portrait of Mile, Ribot, 3,500; 'The Good Samaritan,' 5,000; 'Fried Eggs,' 3,500; 'Whom ' alvary,' 2,500, Water colors and drawings—'Two Breton Women,' 290; 'Little Boy,' 210; 'Girl,' 400; 'Woman with a Black Headdress,' 200, M. Maciet, an amateur, has just presented to the Louvre Museum a set of four miniatures of great beauty, which greatly raise the average of the collection that has been on exhibition for some months in one of the rouns for drawings. These miniatures, which belong to the beginning of the filteenth century, were once the property of the Duke de Berry, brother of King Charles V., one of the most

to the beginning of the lifteenth century, were once the property of the Duxe de Berry, brother of King Charles V., one of the most distinguished parrons of art of his time, and the fact that they belonged to him is a title of nobility for them. It is for Duke John that some of the most beautiful manuscripts known were illuminated, among others the famous "Grandes Heures." The four new miniatures in the Louver are in no way inferior to these illuminations. Their existence had long been known. After having been in a manuscript that was cut up in the last century, they had been reproduced in a publication by Curmer, and had been lost siche of. M. Maclet was fortunate enough to side of. M. Maclet was fortunate enough to offer them to the Louvre, where they hold their place well by the side of the "Hours" of Etienne Chevaller and of Jean Fouquet. R. D. Her and of Jean Fouquet.

GREAT SPEECHES HEARD BY FEW. Some of Them Belivered to a Very Small

From the American Lawyer.

It is a curious fact that many of the great speeches which gave immortality to the orators who made them were delivered in comparatively small rooms and to small audiences When Webster made his great argument in the Dartmouth College case, aside from the bar and the officials in charge of the room there were not fifty persons present, and yet many believe that he spoke to listening Senators and other When we read of Patrick Henry's wonderful

display of eloquence we see in our mind's eye a spacious room and an immense crowd of people listening to his burning words with almost breathless attention. But, in truth, many of these speeches which quickened or changed the march of events were delivered in a small room and to a few hearers, never more than 150. "Could it have been here, in this oaken chapel of fifty pews." wrote Hosmer, the gifted author of "Sprondra," "that Patrick Henry delivered the greatest and best known of all his speeches? Was it here that he uttered those words of doom so unexpected, and then so unwelcome. We must fight? Even here. But the words were speken in a tone and manner worthy the men to whom they were addressed, and who were so impressed with them that for several moments they were admest awestricken. It was only when the voice of Richard Henry Lee, that other mutchless Virginia orator, who rose to second the words of Henry, rang through the room that they were called back to themselves."

Seward's speech in defence of William Freeman was undoubedly the greatest and most brilliant effort of his professional life. It did for him more, perhaps, than the conduct of any case has given any other in the State of New York in perpetrating his name. And yet the audience that listened to him was less than 120 in nomber. A friend expressed some surprise that an argument of so much power, learning, and eloquence should have attracted so few listeners. "My dear sir," said Seward, my audience was in no sense limited. The civilized world was my sudience. Posterity will hear it, and generations uptorn with praise or censure it, from the different of all make it for a part of 'the maiding crowd's ignoide strife."

Horact irreicy said: "Seward's speech in defence of William Freeman is one of the masterpieces in the history of oratory, reason, logic, and humanity." spacious room and an immense crowd of people listening to his burning words with almost

Now is the time to buy a gun, for never in the history of the gun trade has so much been given for so little money, according to the American Angler. The reason of it is that the price of on account of the bloycle craze. One man says that where he sold 5,000 guns he now sells a

that where he soid 5.000 guns he how seds a thousand. Young men who used to put their spare cash into guns and ammunition now buy bleycles.

But nobody would suppose that there isn't any shooting going on. Thus 80,000 cartridges were fired during the Guttenburg Park tournament in May. Something over a ton 67 lowder and three tons of shot, and besides there were other tournaments from California to Maine, and from Florida to Oregon. Then there we the shooting galleries, the hunters, and the

THINGS DONE FOR A CENT. BUSINESS GOOD WITH THE PENNY. IN-THE-SLOT MACHINES.

You Can He Weighed, or Have Your For tune Told, or Get Chewing Sum, or Try Your Strength for a Cent-Photographs for a Dime-Slot Machines Not Novel, Penny-in-the-slot machines are doing a coming business. They always do at this

season. They thrive and grow rich with the warm days, just like the summer resort man, and, as in his case, the hotter the weather the better is business. It is astonishing how many things these automatic machines beich forth immediately the direction, "Drop a penny in the slot." has been complied with. Two young persons, who are going to see just now much fun they can have, and how cool and comfortable they can keep by staying in the

city this summer, had what they called a pennyn-the-slot day recently. They first walked from Thirty-third street to Eighteenth street along Sixth avenue, trying every slot machine on the way, and the machines are numerous n the Tenderloin. Both were jolly girls, with big brown eyes, dark complexions, and muscuar hands which looked as if they were capable of earning the pennies that they threw into the slots so recklessly. At Eighteenth street the one with the pink shirt walst said: "Let's get on the L and go to South Ferry.

lack was telling my last night that there were loads of machines there-very interesting ones. Why, he missed three boats on account of them the other night on his way to a club dinner at Bay Ringe. Jack says they are splendid." "I suppose talking about these wonderful machines was what kept Jack saying good-by to you for such an age last night. He started to say good-by at a quarter of 11, and it was twenty after midnight when I heard him going

ellow shirt waist. "I never could take interest enough in anybody to keep lab on him; and he was talking about these machines the last hour he was there, as true as I live. You'll believe me when you see how many there are in the various ferry houses, confectionery and drug stores, and railroad stations, and, as for Coney Island, why, there are as many different slot machines to be found as brands of beer, and that's all one an say. Will you go?"

"Cert," came from the pretty lips of Miss Yellow-waist, and they mounted the steps and rushed for a train bound for South Ferry. "I told you so," said the one in the yellow ablet water "Jack was right. Just look at the machines. We ought to get loads of articles and experience many sensations for a few cents this afternoon. Which shall we try

"The weighing machine," suggested Pink-"I want to see if I really am getting fatter. I do wish my neck and arms would fill out a little."

"Oh, I say, let's try the wheel of fortune contended Yellow-waist. "I'm half

first," contended Yellow-waist. "I'm half crazy to try that,"
Nearly all penny-in-the-slot machines look alike and work alike. The only difference is in the face and the preduct. One wheel of fortune has a queer-looking wooden donksy in the centre of the face. The animal has on glasses, looks wiser than donkeys generally look, and sits boit upright on its hind legs with great dignity. At the right of the animal is a space cut out about the size of a small sized playing card. As soon as a cent is deposited in the slot the donkey solemnly raises one of its forelegs and points to the open space. Simultaneously a card containing the depositor's fortune appears in the space. The machine which the two girls tackled first was like the one described in every point, except that a queer uncanny-looking old woman presided over the fortunes.

scribed in every point, except that a queer, uncamp-looking old woman presided over the fortunes.

After the little feminine ceremony of "You go first." "No, you go first," "Oh, don't be foolish, go on!" the girl in the yellow waist dropped her penny in the slot. Her hand had trembled perceptibly as she let it go. The student of human nature, who is always at large, could see that it really was a serious business with her, this particular machine was. The old woman's hand flew up and the fortune hove into full view of quite a little crowd of curious spectators who always collect when any one tries a slot machine.

"You'll lose your lover through a blonde woman," the little green card warned her.

"A blonde woman." repeated yellow waist thoughtfully. "Yes, I know who it is. Now you try yours," she said, recovering herself suddonly.

"You have an enemy—a dark man. Beware!" was what her companion got.
"Humph, can't scare me," she said with a laugh when she had read it.
"A blonde woman," repeated Yellow-waist with a fur-away look, and a stout woman who had been watching with a child kingdnet to

laugh when she had read it.

"A bloode woman," repeated Yellow-waist with a for-away look, and a stout woman who had been watching, with a child hanging to each arm, and two to her skirt, said:
"Never mind, miss. It's a fake. I've tried it no less than forty times and it's allers gloomy. Your nusband will die before morning." A letter will bring you had news, "Enemies are seeking your ruin. "A said fate will overtake you," are some of the most promisin' fortunes. I've got. Why, I've spent 52 on that one ma-chine this summer."
"Is that so?" said Yellow-waist, apparently

con-oled.
"Here's one that gives an electric shock."

"Here's one that gives an electric shock," called out the other girl from the other end of the ferry house. "Come, you need one to brace you up. I've taken one, and it's fine. Put your penny in and grasp these handles. Quite a strong current, isn't it?"
"Yes, I feel better. Let's try this lifting machine. It's a cent, too. See how much you can lift. How much?"
"Eighty pounds," answered Pink-walst. "Can you beat that?"

can lift. How much?"

"Eighty pounds," answered Pink-walst. "Can you beat that?"

"No, I didn't quite make eighty. Let's get weighed. I weigh more then you. I tip the beam at 120," sie said, drooming in her zent.

"And I at one seven." gave out t'ie other, yielding up hers. Then she added: "I don't like this machine. It doesn't give out anything, simply points to your weight. I'd rather put in a five-cent piece and get a card with my weight printed on it, and hear a little tune played. I think that's a better investment, don't you?"

"I don't know," replied Yellow-walst, making hastily for another machine. "Fil treat you," she said to her chum. "What will you have—chocolate or chewing gum," decided Yellow-walst, and she did, and chewed it vigorously the rest of the afternoon.

"There's only one more machine here for us to try," she said regretfully, "and that's the colone machine."

Yellow-walse, and she did, and chewed it vigorously the rest of the afternoon.

"There's only one more machine here for us to try," she said regretfully, "and that's the cologne machine."

"What can you get? A bottle of cologne for a cent?" asked Pink-waist in surprise.

"Oh no! Here it is. I'll show you what you lo get. Here goes my cent. See, I get a squirt of cologne on the front of my pretty new walst. How do you like the color?"

"Whew!" was the reply, accompanied by a grimace that expressed more than all the words in the Finglish it nguage could possibly have done. "Do you know what that smells like? Stump water. Den't you know how rain water smells after it has stood in a rotter stump for several days? You don't? Well, the spray of cologne that these machines front one to is just about as sweet and lasting. If this is a specimen. I'm sorry there are no more machines here. I told you it would take two afternoons to do them all. There are los more. Throp a penny is the slot and get a cigarette,' tatches many a man and boy. It takes five couts, however, to get a cigar, and I we been told by men who have tried them that the machines made an enormous profit on these smokes. Then, there is the punching-hag machine. That is a one-center, too, and it's fun to try how hard one can hil.

"I know of lots of others," interrupted Pinkwalst. "There is a directhrowing machine and also a lock-pot machine. The former is one cent a throw, while it costs five to get a chance at a lack pot. I know a boy who got \$18 from one not long ago, but when I meeting the with a view to depositing a few five-cent pieces in the slot myself I found that he had sport \$4.175. It's an interesting, or I should say, fascinating, and every numen being likes o get something for nothing. These gambling machines are not so much in every for the waving of their copularity was that many States passed a law prohibiting them, was a took of the reproduced the expression his fase much less in the solution of the gambling machines have much lone of the

the woman, who turned out to be quite an authority on the subject. "The principle is as old as holy water. In fact the first slot machine ever trought to light—so far as any one knows—was used to dispense holy water. There was kind of vase in ancient Rome into which the religiously inclined dropped a coin; the coin struck a lever and forced out bely water. Several similar machines were found in the ruins of Pompell. The weighing machines as we know it was invented by Percival Everett, an Englishman, in 1884, and was introduced into this country in 1886. The patent was bought by a company which now has three-quarters of a million doilars invested. The Secretary of the company says that most people have an idea that a slot machine is a gold mine, and that they are very much mistaken. This company does not sell its machines, but has over ten thousand placed in three chousand towns throughout this country. All are operated from the central office here and returns are sent in from each machine every month. After the man who sets up the machine receives his commission and the machine is kept in order it pays the company a very fair dividend, but you must remember,' he emphasized, 'the weighing machines give nothing and take everything.'

"Other slot machines, as a rule-give out something, and they are furnished by companies who wish to increase their sales. For example, a chewing gum man manufactures a lot of machines and allows such persons to have their as will luty chewing gum from him be must return the machine. I asked the Secretary if the weighing machines were accurate, for I've tried as many as seven in one day, and never weighed the same on any two. He was ready for the emercency, for he said:

"Yes, they are as accurate as any scales, It's astonishing how a person's weight varies even without a change in one's apparel. Sometimes you will weigh three or four pounds more or less from one day to another.' We must try them all, for it's fun. See what I have:

"Yes, they are as accurate as any scales, It's aston

a chosentate cream, a block of chocolate, a piece of chewing gum, a cigarette, a squirt of co-logne, and live been weighed and experienced an electric shock all for seven cents, and had my fortune told for another penny."

THE TRANSFORMED BOULEVARD. lickety-split down those miserable uncarpeted partment house stairs," said the girl in the Bicycling Has Made It the Most Interest-The Bowerr has had its day as a famous New

York street. It is now a mere tradition. Broadway will long hold its place as the chief yein of the city's life. No process of expansion can ever leave it abandoned to the cheap clothing lealers and dime museum robbers. But lately the Western Boulevard which slants from the Columbus monument at the southwest corner of Central Park to the river has attracted more interested sightseers than any other ten streets of this great city. This is because of the bicycles. Once the Boulevard was a quiet avenue, whose particular distinctions were its shade trees and its third foot walk which extended in Parisian fashion down the middle of the street, Now, however, it is the great thoroughfare for sands. All mankind is a-wheel apparently, and a person on nothing but legs feels like a strange animal. A mighty army of wheels stream rom the brick wilderness below Central Park and speeds over the asphalt. In the cool of the evening it returns with awaying and flashing of myriad lamps.

The bicycle crowd has completely subjugated

the street. The glittering wheels dominate it from end to end. The cafés and dining rooms of the apartment hotels are occupied mainly by people in bicycle clothes. Even the billocards have surrendered. They advertise wheels and lamps and tires and patent saddles with all the flaming vehemence of circus art. Even when they do condescend to advertise a patent medicine you are sure to confront a lithograph of a young person in bloomers who is saying in large "Yes, George, I find that Willowrum iways refreshes me after these long rides." Down at the Circle, where stands the patient

Columbus, the stores are crowded with bicycle goods. There are innumerable repair shops. Everything is bicycle. In the afternoon the pa rade begins. The great discoverer, erect on his tall gray shaft, must feel his stone head whirl when the battalions come swinging and shining

when the battations come swinging and shining around the curve.

It is interesting to notice the way in which the blasthemous and terrible truck drivers of the lower part of the city hunt a bleyclist. A truck driver, of course, believes that a wheelman is a pest. The average man could not feel more annoyance if nature had suddenly invented some new kind of mosquito. And so the truck driver resolves in his dreadful way to make life as troublous and thrilling for the wheelman as he possibly can. The wheelman suffers under a great handicap. He is struggling over the most uneven colubles which bless a metropolis. Twenty horses threaten him, and forty wheels miss his shoulder by an inch. In his ears there is a hideous din. It surroundshim, envelops him. Add to this trouble, then, a truckman with a hend's deep excitement for every one. hend sdesire to see dead wheelmen. The situa-tion affords deep excitement for every one.
But when a truck driver comes to the Boule-vard the beautiful balance of the universe is ap-parent. The teamster sits mote, motionless, casting sidelong glances at the wheels which spin by him. He still contrives to exhibit a sort of sombre defiance, but he has no each nor ges-ture nor will scheme to drive a three-ton wagon

over the prostrate body of some unhappy cyclist. On the Boulevard this roaring llon from down town is so subdued, so isolated that he brings tears to the sympathetic eye.

There is a game on the Boulevard. It is the game of bicycle cop and scorcher. When the scorcher scorches beyond the patience of the law, the bicycle copies and it is sight, take-after him. Usually the scorcher has a bilasful confidence in his ability to scorch, and thinks it much easter to just ride away from the policeman than to go to court and pay a fine. So they go flying up the Boulevard with the whole mot of wheelman and wheelwomen eager to see the race sweeping after them. But the bicycle police are highly hard riders, and it takes a flier to escape them. The affair usually ends in calamity for the scorcher, but meantime fifty or sixty cyclists have had a period of delirious loy. Bicycle cop and scorcher is a good game, but after all it is not so good as the game that was played in the old days when the suggestion of a corps of bicycle police in neat knickerbockers would have scandalized Mulberry street. This was the game of fat policeman on foot trying to stop a spurt. A huge, unwieldy officer rushing out into the streat and wildly trying to head off and grab some rider who was spinning along in just one sliver flash was a sight that caused the populace to turn out in a body. If some madman started at a flerce gait from the Columbus monument, he could have the consciousness that at frequent and exciting intervals red-faced policementwould gallop out at him and rilensiedly ciutch at his coat tails. And owing to a curious dispensation, the majority of the policemen along the Boulevard were very stout sand could swear graphically in from two to five languages.

But they changed all that. The uppolice-like bicycle coalice are ownerfully ciever, and the starts on his frantic career.

The girl in bloomers is of course, upon her native heath when she steers her steel stoed into she flowers. His mover the reares some that the couldn't fit any

amazing passes him on the street, but resolves to mind his own affairs. Still the situation no doubt harrows him greatly. No man was ever found to defend bloomers. His most friendly statement, as an individual, is to advocate them for all women he does not know and cares nothing about. Most women become radical enough to say: "Why shouldn't I wear 'em. if I choose?" Still, a second book at the Boulevard convinces one that the world is slowly, solenoly, inevitably coming to bloomers. It seems about to enter an age of bloomers and the blevele, that machine which has cancel an economic position of the most tremendous importance, and is go-STEPHEN CHANE.

From the Courier-Journal. The greatest dinner that ever I sat down to The greatest dinner that ever I sat down to consisted of a leg of mutton, dressed with mustard, a bit of hot wheat bread, and some fresh hutter, with half a jug of fine whiskey to wash it down. It was in front of New Hope church in the summer of '04'. Some one had sent Leastis a leg of mutton. Some one had sent Yeatman a large pill lox of butter. Bragg, Gen. Polk's cook, had some flour. Eustis and Yeatman invited Gov. Harris and myself. The Governor happened to have a key which fitted Gen. Polk's medicine case. All of us united in making the ratherty of a vial of Irish whiskey, the General himself being absent, and that was the dinner Glorious dinner!

Please God, the quartet still survives to tell the tale, which they do whenever they meet and can get an audience. Eustis is in Paris. Ambassador: the same cood, self-possessed man in diplomacy he used to be under fire: able, brave, and lary. Harris—touching the eightes is the dashing, brilliant, innetuous boy he was thirty-two years ago and, silver or gold, or neither, I look toward him as I write! Yearman, obtrusive only in his courage on the lattlefield, lives the life of cultivated ielsure and mambitious rustieity which delighted him most when he was both younger and richer than he is, though he still has his ancestral acres. consisted of a leg of mutton, dressed with mus-

SUMMER SHOWS IN LONDON

AMUNEMENTS OF THE SEASON I THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY. Churchill's Cape Spider-A Show Illustrative of India and Ceylon the Attraction at Earl's Court-The Watkin Tower.

From the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. LONDON, June 13 .- Londoners have no son to complain of the arrangements which have been made for their amusement and recreation during the summer season, when ordinary indoor attractions are a bit off, and there is a longing for entertainments which have something of the open air in their composition, with music and other attractions thrown in.

Chief among these, as a matter of course, to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, the manage ment of which is running a double card, with a horseless carriage show as one feature and a Burmese village as the other-a curious contrast between the latest developments of Western ingenuity and the peculiar simplicity of the far East. What is styled the "Inter-national Horse and Horseless Carriage Exhibition" illustrates many forms of animal and mechanical road locomotion, and is divided into twelve interesting sections, the old-fash loned mail coach contrasting with the recent horseless carriage, and the dog cart finding a place beside the tandem cycle. The honorary council is formed of eminent men from all parts of the kingdom, and the Lord Mayor who is President, and performed the opening ceremony, is also Master of the Coach and Harness Makers' Company. Under these aus-pices the Crystal Palace people have got to-gether a show which is eminently interesting, especially in regard to its reminiscences of the past. In the grand nave of the palace we have a selection of historical vehicles which is well were by of paties.

especially in regard to its reminiscences of the past. In the grand nave of the palace we have a selection of historical vehicles which is well wor, by of notice.

There are, for instance, the first carriage in which the young Princess Victoria was accustomed to take her quiet drives around the country house in which she was brought up; the identical first carriage in which the ill-fated Prince Imperial was driven around the gardens of the Tulleries; the carriage which conveyed the great Duke of Wellington to the field of Waterloo; the remains of the very first brougham which was made for the noble lord of that name; and the state coach of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Here, also, one may look with sympathetic interest on the Cape solder which was used by Lord Randelph Churchill during his South African travels; the Duke of Mariborough's American luggy; the carriage in which Henry Grattan was wont to ride, and the identical stage coach which used to ply between London and York.

Then in the horseless department there are specimens of tram cars and wagons designed during the infancy of the movement-great, cumbrous vehicles which are put in the shade by the lighter ones, driven by petroleum and electricity, which run dally in the grounds without any fear of act of Parlament. As matters stand at present no horseless vehicle may run on any public road in England at a speed of more than four miles an hour or without a man in front bearing a red fag. This law, of course, refers to traction engines and sheap rollers; but before the end of the present session a bill will probably have been passed which will give an immense impetus to the business. Already several companies have been formed in anticipation for the purpose of running omnibuses and cabs in the streets of the metrorolis without the aid of horses, and if the bill becomes is we we shall see something like a revolution in the traffic of this levels and the carset of the present of the streets of the metrorolis without the aid of horses.

thing like a revolution in the traffic of this little village.

The snew at the Crystal Palace gives us some idea of the character of the new vehicle of the future, and I sm inclined to think that electricity rather than gas or petroleum will find the most favor. One department of the Sydenham show deals with cycles from the time of the old hebby horse to the present era of Humber & Simpson's chains; and it is curious to contrast the various machines. How some of the earlier ones, with iron threaand cumbrous gear, could ever have been received with favor is aimost incomprehensible to those acquainted with present day achievements—achievements which have led to the establishment in this country of an industry which bids fair to become one of the largest ever known. The Stock Exchange itself has adopted special nomenclature for the numerous companies—one with \$6.000 000 central which have been The Stock Exchange itself has adonted special nomenclature for the numerous companies—one with \$5,000,000 capital—which have been formed for the special supply of tires; and in every part of the kingdom manufacturers are even refusing orders because of the press of work. The development in this line is simply marvellous, cyclists of all ranks in society being met with at every turn. The cycle is the real horseless carriage of the future; and if any rash Chancellor of the Exchequer ventured upon the much-urged tax on cycling machines he would have a rich and it any rash chance for of the E. very continued to the cycling machines he would have a harvest, for dukes and dustmen, baron bricklayers, statesmen and scavengers, and laundry maids, are using the population

But I am wandering away from the r 'al subject of this epistie, and we must returnous montrons, or, rather, the palace shows, greater contrast to fin de sleele skill and figenuity could be found than that which is provided by the interesting Burmese settlement, which is now located almost within sight of Big Ben, more than 8,000 miles from the place which its members call home. To wander round the little village, which has been se up in the big central transent, facing the famous Handel orchestra, is to go back many years in the history of the world, and to

wander round the little village, which has been se up in the big central transent, facing the famous Handel orchestra, is to go back many years in the history of the world, and to meet the quiet, ineffensive men and women to whom the flerce strife and turnoil of Western life are unknown. They are not bad looking geople at all, these Burmess, and they take life very easily. During the greater part of the day the men and women are employed in various native industries in a go-as-you-please manner which would drive a Landachitis industries in the greater part of the day the men and women are employed in various native industries in a go-as-you-please manner which would drive a Landachitis industries in their own community. "Moung the observed in the mad rush of an English factory or warehouse. Some of them are important characters in their own community." "Moung Chin Oo" and "Moung Loo Fay" two warriors, fought not only for the notorious Thebau, but for his father, Mindo Nim, but they were among those who executed a strategic movement to the rear, after the engagement at Segaing, which resulted in our occupation of upper Hurmah.

"Moung Gyee" and "Moung Nware" are Brahmins, expellers of evil spirits, casters of horoscopes and wise men generality: "Moung Loo Galas" and "Moung Vin" are followers of the Prophet; but one young cirl, by no means bad looking, though small, "Mah Nee Nee," is a Christian. having been hought up at the schools in Rangoon. Her chief accomplishment is the manufacture of cigars, and she can turn out a weed two feet long, the proud possessor of which would need a rest for his cigar, "Mah Yee" is a Buddhist woman, the only one who has ever left Burmah, and there is a volutile and ralented little being, one "Mas Yin." who cances and sings, and could give included as a popular Burmess ballad. "Meh Chin" and "Mah Selin" are cigar rollers who go about their work with a stolidity which is anusting, if a trille monoronus. "Moung Hollar and the prophet of the prophet of the prophet of the prophet of th with Wembley Park, the latest addition to London oben are resorts. Sir Edward Watkin's tower, which was to have excelled that of M. Eiffel in height, has been opened as far as its first platform. This gives a very good view over the surrounding country. Whether the undertaking will ever reach the 1,000 feet originally contemplated remains for the future to decide. It costs a lot of money to do those things.

Fotato Whiskey.

From the Minneapolis Times.

ANOKA, Minn., June 28. It has been reported that a large commission house in Minnsapolis that is contracting for so many acres of printings in Anoka, country is buying them for a distillery in lower or Wisconsin. One man refused a contract because his principles wouldn't allow him to sell produce to make liquor from. In seventy-two hours potstoes come out of the factory in bottles ready for the market. This whiskey is not as good as trye or corn, but answers the purpose and will give a man a very satisfactory drunk.

MRS. SANDERS'S LOVE FOR KANSAS. When Her Husband Decided to Remove t Texas She Promptly Got a Divorce.

TOPERA, Kan., July 3 .- Mrs. Margaret Sanders of Clay Centre, Kan., is a woman with a will. She loved her husband, but she loves Kansas more. So long as Charles Sanders was contented to live in Clay Centre, where the family had made many good and true friends, his wife was willing to love, honor, and obey him. But when in his desire to make his fortune he turned his face toward Texas and decided to make that State his home, his wife set her foot down. She loved her busband, and was willing to assist him in his laudable ambition to make money, but that ambition, she insisted, must be confined to the corporate limits of Clay Centre.

Several months ago Charles Sanders went to Texas to look over the country. He talked the matter over with his wife and she agreed that the trip would be valuable to him in many ways. So one day he kissed her good-by and departed. He devoted two months to travelling over the State, regularly corresponding with his wife, who in turn kept him informed on the gossip and events of Clay Centre. One day Mrs. Sanders received a letter from her hus. band informing her that he had purchased a fine cattle ranch in northwestern Texas. He gave a glowing description of the country and predicted for them a prosperous future in the Lone Star State. He told ner that he would remain in Texas some time putting the new home in order, that he would return and close out his Clay Centre property, and that then they would bid Kansas adieu and occupy their new home in Mrs. Sanders, who is devoted to the friends

And acquaintances made in Clay Centre, did not relish the information contained in this letter. She did not want to leave Kansas, and, what's more, she did not ment to leave Kansas, and, what's more, she did not intend to. She was willing that her husband should make money in the cattle business in Texas, but she was not willing to exchange her home in Clay Centre for one in the Panhandle. And, instead of replying to the letter from her husband, she sought the services of a lawyer and immediately commenced proceedings for divorce, alleging desertion on the part of her husband. Great secrecy was maintained by the lawyer and court officials, and less than haif a dozen people knew of the proceeding. Court convened soon thereafter, and without much publicity Mrs. Sanders obtained the decree she wanted.

All this time Sanders was writing to his wife, He complained in each letter of her silence, but excused it on the ground that she veas so busy making preparatious to move that she did not have time to write. Wholly unconscious of what had happened, he returned home. His recontion was not cordial. The woman, who, a few monts previous, had been his loving and devoted wife, was now cold and Indifferent. When Sanders approached his wife for a kiss he was met with a haughty "How dare you, sir?" He could not understand this treatment, and demanded an explanation. Then it was that the woman told him that she was no longer his wife—that she had secured a divorce. She and acquaintances made in Clay Centre, did not

sir?" He could not understand this treatment, and demanded an explanation. Then it was that the woman told him that she was no longer his wife—that she had secured a divorce. She explained to him that she would not leave Kansas, and that the divorce court had been decided upon as the best way to free herself of the obligations of a wife.

cided upon as the best way to free herself of the obligations of a wife.

Sanders did not like the idea of being driven from his own home to a hotel, but the woman was in possession. She was no longer his wife, and he was welcome there only as a friend. At first anger filled Sanders's heart, but as he brooded over the strange conduct of his wife and thought of the home she had wrecked because of her attachment to Clay Centre, he decided to make a final appeal to her and see if he could not convince her that it would be better for them to reconcile their feelings in the matter. The woman was firm and declared she would not live in Texas. Then Sanders made her a proposition which was accepted. He said he would go to Texas, make his fortune, sell out his ranch, and return to Kansas and live with her if she would again become his wife. This agreement was sealed with a kiss. Then a big reception was planned and given on the night before Sanders departed for the South, and many were the wishes that Mr. Sanders's hopes would soon be realized and that he would return to Clay Centre and claim his bride.

BICKCLE ETIQUETTE.

A Warning that Was Not Heeded and the Fall of a Wheelwoman Into a Treach.

That puzzilag question of when it is proper and when it is not proper for bicycle riders, especially if they are of different sexes and unacquainted, to speak to each other on the road, confronted a man on the Coney Island bleyels path one day last week, with a curious result. He was riding along behind two women, and as he approached the one in the rear, he no ticed that the hem of her skir, was wrapped around the guard of the rear wheel of her picycle, and that momentarily it was in danger of catching in the small sprocket wheel. That meant an ugly fall. The man debated for a moment whether he should call the senn's attention to it. He decided that it was his

lo warn her of danger, just as he would wh., any woman of danger if she were walk-ing along the street. He rode up and said: Excuse me, madam, but the skirt of your dress is wrapped around the guard of your wheel, and may catch at any moment." The woman shrunk back a little, put on a stern face, but softened her expression as she

"I thank you, sir. I knew my gown looked as if it might catch, but I think I can get along all right." "I thank you, sir. I knew my gown looked as if it might catch, but I think I can get along all right."
"It was simply my fear that you might meet with an accident that prompted me to speak," said the man.

"I thank you very much," was the only reply, and then the woman and her companion slowed up and permitted the man to pass on. About 100 yards further the park workmen were puttine in a set of drinking fountains along the path. They had dug a trench on each side of the path, leaving only a space of about three feet in the centre through which the blevelists might pass. The man had gone about fifty vards beyond the trench when he heard an urchin cry.

"Hey, Billy. Look at de lady fell down in de hole."

The man stopped and dismounted, Beside one of the trenches there lay a wheel, but its rider could not be seen. A dozen men rushed to the spot. It was the woman who had been warned by the man. They got her out of the trench without difficulty, and led her to a bench just as the man who had called her attention three minutes before to her danger came up. When she saw him she turned her head nway. She was not hurt seriously. Her dress had thrown her because she became nervous as she approached the dangerous crossing, and had shifted in her seat, giving her dress more play about the rear wheel.

Good Results of the Stamps Savings Bank System in Massachusetts.

From the Springfield Republican. The work of the Union Relief Association in the stamps savings bank acheme has grown to proportions of considerable importance. All he schools of the city are now engaged in it, and the sales of stamps by teachers to pupils since last fall amount to \$3,377. The deposits of the Union Relief Association in the Springreld Institution for Savings amounted to \$1,375.12; the amount drawing interest on deposits of pupils, \$1,126.50, and the balance, \$875.38, represents the amount still held by children in their stamp books and what they have drawn out for various purposes. The Buckingham school bought \$610 worth of stamps, and of this \$430 has been put in the savines banks by the children since November. The Hooker school bought \$619.32 since Jan. 10, and the savings hanks deposits are \$3485.22. The Bictoch school (tarew street) bought \$120 and deposited \$24.93, beginning Jan. 3. The Pynchon school bought \$205 and deposited \$24.93, beginning Jan. 3. The Pynchon school bought \$205 and deposited \$100, beginning Dec. 8. The Barrows school since Dec. 14 bought \$157. The West Union (primary) since Dec. 7 ought \$100. The Emery street (primary) bought since Jan. 13 \$101.50. The Worthfington street, school since Feb. 7 bought \$255; the Aden street (primary) since Feb. 10 bought \$50; the Charles street primary) \$17, since the same date; the York street (primary) \$18, and the Belmont avenue sprimary) \$19, both beginning Feb. 11; the Tapley school \$183, beginning Feb. 14; starting a few days later Brightwood has bought \$305. Elm street \$235, and Jefferson avenue \$135.

All these figures signify much as to the greatenouragement of the gractice of saving by this stamp-bank system. The management of this posits of pupils, \$1,126.50, and the balance

All these fluores signify much as to the great encouragement of the practice of saving by this stamp-bank system. The management of this involves a great deal of labor on all hands. The teachers buy the stamps for their schools, and every stamp has o bear the impress of the monogram of the Inton Relief Association. The stamps are in acid in denominations of 1, 3, 5, 10, 25, and 50 cents and \$1: of course, the great demand is for the smaller denominations. These have all to be counted at the ventral station in the Union Relief office and counted again by the teachers; the children's pennies are counted by the teachers, then counted at the Union Relief office and again at the Institution for Savings, where the money is deposited by the association. It involves a great deal of personal attention and of careful book keeping and no little responsibility. The feachers one and all, have shown the warmest interest in the matter, and without this interest indeed the scheme could not be worked at all. The children who convert their deposits in the school banks to regular deposits in the savings banks are gaining habits of sconony and rovision which are of incalculable value. Their deposits are made in the Institution for Savings and the Five Cent Savings Bank.

TIPS FOR MAKING COFFEE.

THE FARIOUS STEPS IN THE PROC-ESS DISCRIBED BY AN EXPERT.

Waste in French Coffee Pots-The Coffee should be Freshly Housted and Not too Finely Ground-The Water Should Be

Not Only Bolling but also Cooked, An air of great disappointment came over the face of the coffee expert after he had pushed away the remnants of his dinner the other night and taken the first spoonful of his first cup of coffee. No one could help noticing it, such a change it was from the eager happy look with which the coffee had been welcomed. The expert not only knows coffee as a matter f business, but he also loves it. He even loves to del'e deep down into bins or bags of the ber-ries and it is not unusual to find that by evening his cuffs and even his white lawn tie, which are immaculate every morning, are brown with the dust of the coffee.
"Horrible!" he cried, tasting the coffee

"Walter, tell Henry to come here." Henry is the head waiter. When he arri.ed he expert looked at him with sorrow and his tones were those of a disappointed man when he spoke. "Henry," said he, "they have made the cof-

ee to-night with water that was not boiling." Henry offered at once to get a better cup of coffee. While the expert was waiting for it one of his companions asked how coffee should be made to have it just right. "Can you make good coffee with a French

straining pot?" asked another. A look of positive pain came over the face of the expert.

"You can," he answered, "but it breaks my heart, when I think of the millions of dol-lars' worth of good coffee which are wasted every year by using that kind of pot. Ob, yes, you can make as grod coffee in a French pot as you can in any kind, but it takes just twice as much coffee to do it."

"Then tell us how to make good coffee without violating your sentiments of respects for the coffee bean."

"I will, but the story must begin further lack than the commencement of the operation in the kitchen. Of course, the first thing is to get good coffee. That, as I have already told you, must be Java. Pedang Java it is known to the importing trade. You do not have to know that. Get your Java from a grocer who knows his business, and it will be all right, and don't have any mixtures. The first important thing in the preparation of coffee is the roastin z. Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, particular persons had to roast the beans themselves, but is is better done to-day by the great houses which do it for the trade. Your good grocer will have his coffee fresh roasted every day or two, and you should never buy more than week's supply at a time. If your grocer has more than one color of roast, get the bright, or Boston, roast.

"Grind the coffee at home, and only enough at a time to make one drawing. Here is where your true skill must begin to show itself. For the French coffee pot, or any other of the filtering pots, the coffee has to be ground very fine, and this is the first element in their wasteful character. You know what a delicious oder arises from the coffee mill when the fresh-roasted beam are being crushed in it. Evers appetising whist which comes from that mill is just so much lost to your cup of ceffee, and a very material loss, too. The essence of the coffee bean is very volatile. It is held in minute cells, the sides

volatile. It is held in minute cells, the sides of which in the raw bean are able to retain it for years. We roast the bean to make these cell walls friable and porous to water, and at the same time we make them somewhat morous to the essence.

"Still, if we do not break the bean into fine to 3 pieces we will not at once take so much of the 1 yo essence as we will if the grind it finely. What are we want is to break it into pieces just as large, at as boiling water can thoroughly penetrate and the no larger or smaller. The proper size. For we will find, is pieces about one-tweitth wan inch square, or about as big as cubes broken from the lead of an ordinary lead penell. Your wife will think that very coarse and you will get but little flavor from the coffee mill during the grinding. This, you will readily understand, when you compare the small number of broken cells exposed on the surfaces of these coarse grains and the far greater number cut into by fine grinding.

"Everything should have been made ready for the making of the coffee before the grinding was done but this isn't much. Now I will tell you the most important of trade secreta. Most people understand that in order to properly draw a cup of tea or to make coffee, boiling water is necessary, but there is some thing more. The water must be cooked. Water that has merely been brought to a boil for some reason will not absorb the essence freely. For making both tea and coffee the water must be boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes.

"Now for the pot, Let it be just an ordinary plain coffee pot, either of the or granite ware, but, of course, be sure that it is clean,

"Now for the pot. Let it be just an ordinary plain coffes pot, either of tin or granite ware, but, of course, be sure that it is clean, and that the tinning or granite enamel is perfect, so that no iron is exposed. If the iron is exposed, it will be created by the coffee into the post, and then pour in the cocked water while be spoiled. Put your ground coffee into the pot, and then pour in the cocked water while it is boiling hot. Put in all the water that will be needed at once, so as to have the greatest quantity at hand to absorb the coffee essence. Then let the pot stand on the stove until the water has again come to a good hard boil. Hemove it and the coffee is ready. "If you want mill, have the milk boiled, and remember that milk is better than cream to bring out the coffee favor.

"There is one other good way to make coffee, but it is not so good. That is the old-fashioned Ya-beec method of putting the coffee in the pot wife? Swater, and leaving the pot on the fire un, water comes to a briz-is Constantion it which blows when the steam comes, belong to the and gives notice that the coffee is ready. Which again submitted on it which blows when the steam comes, belong to the and gives notice that the coffee is ready. Which again submitted on it which blows when the steam comes belong to the and gives notice that the coffee is ready. Which again submitted on it which blows when the steam comes belong to the and gives notice that the coffee is ready. Which again submitted on it which blows when the steam comes belong to the and gives notice that the coffee is ready. Which again submitted on it which blows when the steam comes belong to the and gives notice that the coffee is ready. Which again submitted on it which be come to make the pot the pot to be with the pot the pot to be pot to be

He Can Count Up to Twenty-stx and Has a Touch of Irouy in flis Make-up.

from the Chicago Record.
A naturalist who is much interested in birds ays that the crow is the wisest of all feathered animals. He has made a number of experiments ecently and declares that an ordinarily well educated crow can count to twenty, and that he has found a sentinel crow, very old and very wise, that can count to twenty-six. He made these discoveries in a very interesting way. Last summer he spent much time in the moun-

ains, where a cadet company of boys was camped. One day he found a flock of crows gathered around a dead animal that lay near a little old shanty in the woods. They flapped awaywhen he approached. So he hid himself in the old slanty and waited, but they would not come back. Then he went out and waited down again to the feast. That afternoon he took four beys from the cadet camp with him, and the live marched into the little building and waited. No crows came back. Two of the boys went out. Still no crows. Then the other two went out and only the naturalist remained. But the old sentinel crow what evidently counted them as they went in, and he knew they had not all come out. So he said on a dry pine stump and said "Caw, caw," quite deristvely. At last the naturalist left the building, and straightway all the crows for times with varying numbers of boys, but the rows kept count and would not come down ustil the building was entirely empty.

At last a whole platoon of the cadets, twenty-six hoys in all, and the naturalist, marched into desire weit away. The crows did notstir. Two more one. The four more five more went, but the old sentine!—are if warned his combanions that the men had nis deliberail gone. Then the twenty-six he ade marcheffective. Away, leaving only like naturalist. In a vecorrespond few minutes there were a number of hopps that the caws mai a flapping of wings and the camal which returned. The old sentinel could evideue a young count twenty-six, but numbers beyond puzzled him. The experiment was tried times more, and it was found that the could keep the count without difficult twenty, but beyond that they were unital shows that the could keep the count without difficult twenty, but beyond that they were unital shows that the could keep the count without difficult twenty, but beyond that they were unital shows that the could keep the count without difficult twenty, but beyond that they were unital shows that the could keep the count without difficult twenty, but beyond that they were unital shows that the could serve the count without d camped. One day he found a flock of crows gathered around a dead animal that lay near a

ing to re once ances-story is th and d pre-urk has oran, he